A

Copy of a LETTER

FROM A

Country Farmer

TO

His Laird, a Member of Parliament.

An't like your Honour,

I Mack bauld to send this Line to your Honour; Neceſſitie has nae Manners: I grant I'm no Book-learn'd; and therefore ye maunnee look for ſic well-buked Language, as the Galligabbed Pamphlet-men ſet aff their Tales wee. But I hope yee'l tack my honeſt Meanen in my awn hamelie faſſon of Moubanden what I wad ſay. Sir, theres's mickle dinn in our Countrie-edge, about an Union of our Kingdom of *Scotland* wee *England*; this is a Tale of twa Drinks; I find the maiſt part of Fock here-awae very fair againſt it, and fayen wee greeten Faces, They're fly'd at the heart, it'l be a black Bargain for poor *Scotland*; for the *Engliſh* are owr auld farren for us, and there's little Ground to think, they'll gee us a ſeen Vantage wee their will, they neer liked us ſae well; and its nae forgotten yet, the foul Pliſk they play'd us about our *Caledonia* Buſineſs; *Bruet Bairns Fire dreads.* And its ſtrange, that they wha ſlighted our Commiſſioners ſae meickle nae lang ſince, whau they were up at *London* upon the ſam Errand, and they that by Act of Parliament made us Foreigners about a Year ſyne, that a' of a ſudden they ſhude ſeem to change

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their Mind; *I fear there's a Hook beneath the Bait*, and there's mair Policy nor Reality in their new appearand Kindneſs; *It's nae a' Gaud that glitters.* It's ſaid ye're gane to pit down our Parliaments, and mack us nae mair a Kingdom, and gee us up to be at the *Engleſes* reverence, to be ruled and guided in a' things be them; and we may luik wee *New Lords to hae new Laws too.* This will be very odd, for a *Scots* Parliament to do this, or *Scotſmen* to play their own Country ſic a Tod's Turn; Fy, fy! whare's the hauld and bra Spirits of our Fore-fathers, wha wad as ſoon a ſhoot their Head in the fire, as pit too their hand to onny ſic diſcreditable Bargain, by whilk we'll *Get baith Skaith and Scorn:* Fy ſhame! what daft unnatural Bairns is they that wad quate with their awn Mother, in hopes of getten a Stap-Mother; I fear, an anes the *Engleſes* had us on their Haunch, they'll skult us to purpoſe, for they hae mair pith to lay on, nor we to had aff; and it were well ward, that we were ſoundly belted for our Daffen. Dear Sir, hae nae hand in ſick an ill Turn, as ye wad nae hae your Bairns to ban your Banes when ye're gane; and for ought I hear, an ye gee your Vote the wrang gate, ye need nae look for a blyth Blink frae ony in this Country, e'en your awn Friends will turn their back upon ye. I grant I'm nae Politian, but we cannee gueſs here-awae what Vantage our Land can get be this Bargain; I hear few ſpeaken for't but a wheen Chapmen and Pedlers, that fanties they'll get *Goud in Goupens As the Fool thinks the Bell clinks*: But *Engles* Merchants is better Stocked nor ours, and I doubt nae, an there be onny Gear gaen, but they wad *Lick the Butter aff our Focks Bread.* But let me tell you Sir, that People here-awae are ſae far frae lippenen to be made Rich be *England*, that they're fly'd they wad be herried by this Union; for its little Gear we have, to pay our awn Stents and Ceſſes, that we man pay in our awn Faſſon, but ilkie Bodie tells us, we'll be garr'd pay Taxes amaiſt upon ilkie thing; no our very Reek and Sinders but will be Stented: By this means we wad ſoon hae *A cald Coal to blaw at.* And mair they ſay, our Yeal is to be rais'd to twa Groats the Pint, and our Salt to ten or twal Shillen the Peck, that will be ſaat Saat indeed; and a' this it's ſaid, to pay a ſcare of *England*'s Debt, which is unco great; it ſeems they crack mair o' their Wealth nor they hae cauſe, whan they man hae our help to pay their Debts: Dear Sir, whare wilt come frae to pay a' this? And I trow, ye thats Lairds may look for ill paid Rents, an ye get onny at a'; this'il be a Laed aboon a Burden, that will gar monny a honeſt Man's back crack; in troth Sir, they may e'en as well flea the skin aff our Faces, as gar us had up with thae payments; a Year or twa wad herrie us; *a ſcad Man's head is ſoon broken*, wee reverence o' your Honour. But than another Wrack will fallow,

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whan we hae it nae to pay, they'll send Dragoons to quarter on us and tack awae a' we hae, and that will raise great Murmurs and ill Blood, and wha kens what this may drive poor Fock to; *Tramp on a Snail she'll shoot out her Horns*; and a wiser nor ony o' ye a' said, *Oppression will mack a wise man mad*; and after this, we'll get our Castles and strang Halds Garisond wee *Engles* Sogers; its better hadden out nor putten out. But in the mean time, I wonder what the Ministers is doen, theres no monny of them in our Country browden for this Union, yet they say, theres some of the Ministers in the East for it. But an I may speak wee reverence to their Wisdoms, their Tribe has least cause of ony to be for't; I confess I hae nae meickle skill, but I fear they wad nae be lang safe under the Tutory of the *Engles* Bishops, that will hae mair of the Court and Parliament's Ear and Hand too, nor our honest Ministers; and its well kent the Church of *England* has ay been howorken Wrack to our poor Kirk, and studed what they coud to pit down our Kirk Government, as being contrar to theirs, and to get our Kirk made like theirs, I fear the ald Sprit is still to the fore with them; And what will come of us an we get some new sort of Aiths amang us that honest Fock will startle to take, and something or other that will puzzle our learned Ministers themselves what to do about it? I wish my Een may nae see the ald Episcopal Wark of Hangen and Headen and Persecuten come in fassion again, the *Engleses* will neer bear wee mony things that our awn Fock thought fit to wink at: For the auld word of homologaten the Supremacy, and homologaten Episcopacy, is not out of our Country Focks head yet; yea this word's comen in Fassion agen, for now our Country Fock are callen the Union a homologaten the breaken the Solemn League and Covenant, a burten the Wark of Reformation, and openen a Door for *Engles* Prelacy and Ceremonies: For a *Britain* Parliament may come to think it neither proper nor convenient, to hae twa not only different, but contrar Kirk Governments, baith settled by Law within one Kingdom. I fear I hae fashed your Honour wee sayen sae meickle and therefore I man leave aff; only I beseek you, (*For a Fool may gee a wise Man a Counsel at a time*) keep your Fingers free of sic a foul Bargain, sae little to either the Honour or Profit o' the Nation, and not only sae, but do what ye can, to keep us, as we hae been ay, a Free and Independen Nation, an a cleanly Kirk: And to end Sir, whatever some Clatter of our bein Scarers of *Englands* Trade, whilk is the takin Bait in this Business; there's mony wiser than I am, that says, we'll nae ruise our sells meickle this gate; *Fair Heghts maks Fools fain*; for the *Engleses* will surely guil us some gate or other do our best: Tack things in time that ye prove nae your sells *Stoysmen*, *To be owr mickle wise whinr the*

hand: but some o' Words Gear, what with, I am sure, we has far better and surer Riches than they; that has the Gospel in purity, and GOD's Worship without Man's Mixture, beyond ony other Kirk in Christendom, the whilk GOD in his Mercy continue lang wee us; it will be but a back Bargain, an we quate wee Pearls for Pebles, we'll be *Penny wise and Pound fools*. I wiss GOD may guide ye a', and gee ye the Grace and Wit to be baith true hearted *Scotsmen*, and honest Presbyterians; it will be a laiten Brand of Infamy on a Presbyterian Parliament, an a' the Ruines that's like to come, be under their hand in bringen them on. My Saul shrinks to think of the dismal Effects of this blind Block; I wiss Slavrie, rank Poverty, Disgrace and Snares, be not the Bounteth of the Bargain: I'm neither Prophet nor Prophet's Son, but I speak out what mony Folk thinks, *It is like to gae to the Pot together*; GOD forbid.

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